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DOWN WITH TYRANNY.

BY

EMIL KLOPFER.

REPUBLIC:

ENLIGHTENMENT, FREEDOM AND PEACE.

MONARCHY:

IGNORANCE, SLAVERY AND WAR.



PUBLISHED BY

EMIL KLOPFER,

ALAMEDA, CAL.

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By EMIL KLOPPER.

PREFACE.

Every brave and honest man who loves Freedom and Liberty, sees in Tyranny his greatest enemy. By holding and standing together, all tyranny can be destroyed—every Tyrant can be made harmless.

THE AUTHOR.





DOWN WITH TYRANNY.

CHAPTER I.

That, with the exception of France and Switzerland, the only two enlightened nations in Europe, the Old World can be still terrorized to-day in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two, by a handful of despots, seems to a thinking person simply incredible.

If the European people would know their strength, they certainly would soon get rid of royalty, and would not allow themselves to be sent and butchered like cattle on the battlefields.

So long as the day of a fundamental change in political organization has not come, so long will European people remain in the same slavery and ignorance, and so long will no one dream of freedom and liberty, and of personal protection and security.

Men will be torn from their wives; fathers from their children, youths from their sweethearts—in order to serve as gladiators for the amusement of European royalty. They are pitted against each other

like fighting cocks, and in their interest they they have to sacrifice themselves by hundred thousands.

The dreams of those who think that the standing armies may be removed, or even reduced in number, will never be realized as long as royalty is in power. These are well meaning yearnings, but in reality nothing but phantasms originating in the brains of unthinking people.

To remove the standing armies without removing royalty is just as impossible as it is to see the sun or the moon falling through a chimney into a frying pan.

The army is the only protection; the only security of European tyranny. Without armies, that artificially built up humbug would fall to pieces like a miserable soap-bubble, and the European people would have long since driven their oppressors from power.

If the European people would relieve royalty of its external masquerade, and if they would retake what has been stolen from them during centuries, then nothing else but an empty husk would remain, for which even a rustic country clown would shrug his shoulders with contempt. Royalty treats every one that is not blue-blooded *en canaille*. Royalty thinks it dishonorable

to mix up with the people—but does not disdain to get fattened and supported by them. Without the support of the people, royalty would starve to death, and could not make its living, not even as washerwomen or swineherds.

Royalty devours every year thousands of millions of dollars. Royalty eats the substance of the land and of the people; and instead of being thankful, it treats them in the meanest, most infamous manner.

With mistresses and concubines, and in champagne and gambling, royalty squanders away in a single night the toil of thousands of brave and honest working men, and it makes no difference whatever to them if, in consequence of those orgies, the poor, unfortunate people are despairing and dying for hunger and privation like dogs in the street.

To escape the furious rage of the people, royalty is protected by a standing army of over three millions of soldiers. In a false and malicious manner it is spread about that such armies are necessary to keep the peace and the equilibrium of Europe.

If royalty sees that the throne is endangered by its own subjects, then, as experience has shown, it declares, under a void pretext, war to some other nation, in order

to get rid of a burden which has become troublesome and dangerous.

Those frauds and arrogant impostors call themselves majesties "by the grace of God"; and with their blaspheming tongues they want to make those poor intimidated people believe that God has appointed them to be their rulers and masters.

Mad dogs which may prove dangerous to a community are extirpated all over the world. Royalty, which is far more dangerous than mad dogs, is, with the exception of two enlightened countries, still allowed to run all over Europe.

People who do not make use of their brains perhaps may think these remarks are simply outrageous. But thinking people—those who know what goes on in the world—who know the infamous deeds committed almost daily by European despots, and that they emanate from the will of a single person—as for instance at present in Russia—see that to throw millions of brave, honest, industrious people into the greatest misery is deplorable, and will easily understand that royalty is still a thousand times worse than the most dangerous animals.

If these miserable, cowardly tyrants are allowed to trample upon the mutual rights of men and to treat them worse than ani-

mals—why shouldn't the poor unfortunate people pounce upon their oppressors and do their best to get rid of them in one way or another?

Europe would then be a Paradise in every respect, and the European people could enjoy freedom and liberty and the blessings of life in the same way as now enjoyed by the inhabitants of the freest and most advanced country in the world. But to realize those wishes it is first necessary that the people hold and stand together, and that they do as Switzerland did over six hundred years ago—what the patriotic Americans did during their struggle for freedom, liberty and independence—and what France did during its glorious revolution of the last century.

If America had not had men like George Washington, who loved freedom and liberty more than their own lives, then very probably America would be to-day still a British Colony, and the Americans, like the Canadians and the Australians—nothing but tools and instruments in the hands of their English oppressors.

All the thousands of millions of money that at present drop into the pockets of those imperial and royal frauds would otherwise remain with the people. It

would be a blessing to themselves and to their country; besides reserving the strength of millions of soldiers—composed of the best of European youth—for their own interest, rather than, as at present, serving as a shelter or body-guard for a lot of miserable, contemptible wretches.

If the European people would collect royalties together, take away what they have stolen from them for centuries, and then send them over to America, royalty would starve to death. They could be used in this country only for a dime museum, or for a menagerie, to lead the lame and the blind monkeys to the toilet and dining-rooms.

CHAPTER II.

In every monarchy truth is considered its greatest enemy. A monarchy can be kept together only by lies and frauds, and therefore every government takes good care that the people remain ignorant.

England, of course, is to a certain extent, an exception. Newspaper men are allowed to write only what is in the interest of their government. If an editor does not adhere to his instructions, and dares to go his own way, then he is thrown into prison, his pa-

per confiscated, and his establishment closed.

No thoughtful person will deny that a free press, like that of America, is the glory of the nation. The more newspapers a country has, the more enlightened the inhabitants become. The intelligence and the education of the American people are largely due to American newspapers.

Reporters, as we have them in America, are there entirely unknown.

Some years ago I had an amusing little dispute about the rights of American reporters with a relation of mine in Germany. I told him that if the Emperor of Germany should come over to America, he would have the honor of being interviewed by a small army of reporters, who would make him at once familiar with the customs of a free country. I did not think he could feel insulted, or even angry, at my remarks, but he stuck up his nose, and told me in a scornful way that in case his Emperor should come over to America, he surely would not mix with such common and low people as newspaper reporters—that he would shoot them down, have them arrested, or kick them out of his room himself.

I smiled and answered that such a thing was of course easy to say, but very hard to

do, and especially in a country where intelligence, and the power of brains and not ignorance, and the power of brute strength, as in his dear beloved Germany, are appreciated.

I stopped the conversation after I had worked him up to such an extent that he behaved almost like a mad-man. He swore and cursed at America, at the Americans, and at everything that was American, and said he would rather go to——than to——America.

It is a pity that in those countries thinking is entirely unknown. Every one has to believe in the infallibility of those miserable, lying royal wretches.

He who commences to think, or he who begins to make use of his brains and of his common sense, antagonizes himself at once with the existing laws of his country. He is considered dangerous to the Government, and an enemy to his country, and runs the risk of being thrown in prison, or dragged by police-force out of his bed, from wife and children, and driven into banishment from his native country and home.

Royalty considers the people as milch-cows which have to bleed, to suffer and to starve in order to give them a pleasant and comfortable life. They think, or at



least they try to make them believe, that it is their Divine right, granted them by God; and therefore the people are not allowed to complain.

The people have no will whatever; they have to obey and to be quiet, and every resistance on their part is suppressed at once with cruel, merciless severity.

Here in America no one would believe what forcible measures they have to employ in European slave states to squeeze such fabulous amounts out of the poor suffering people—amounts which are necessary to uphold the power and the external humbug of European royalty.

An observing person would be inclined to think that more respect is due the bandit-chiefs of the Italian and Albanian mountain ranges than European royalty.

The bandits take money from the rich, who, more or less, have stolen it also, and leave the poor unmolested. Royalty, on the contrary, takes from the poor and leaves the rich, who out of personal interest remain loyal to their party, practically unmolested.

If the people knew what royalty is, where royalty comes from, and by what means royalty came to power, then surely they soon would come to the conclusion that the

life of a highwayman is, in comparison, an honest and respectable one.

The road over which the predecessors of European royalty travelled is soiled and stained with blood. Nothing was sacred; no act was too mean, too low, for them. The continuous chain of crimes committed were of such a cruel nature that it makes the blood freeze in the veins of every honest thinking person. They have at last succeeded, as every bandit will succeed, who knows how to overcome any kind of obstruction and opposition. What they have obtained by robberies, by plundering, by murdering, and by many other infamous deeds they claim to be their property, and they are trying to make every one believe that it was granted to them by the grace of God.

History has shown that honor is entirely unknown to royalty, and that upon its word no one can depend.

In the hour of peril and danger, royalty makes all kinds of promises to the people—but it breaks them as soon as it feels itself safe and at the summit of its former power again.

Those who wish to see royal promises fulfilled, are, as experience has shown, cut or torn to pieces by swords or cannon-balls.

Royalty quarrels, fights with, and is en-

vious and jealous of other rulers, but it sticks together like pitch when it goes to war against its common enemy—against freedom, enlightenment, and the natural rights of men.

CHAPTER III.

Of all the European slave states, my native country is the most unfortunate one.

Germany, a country of about the size of California, but in natural resources far poorer, is to-day still terrorized by no less than twenty-three reigning royal families.

That worthless lot of blue-blooded frauds and loafers are squeezing the very best substance out of the poor and trembling people. They devour for their own support and for that of their rotten relationship—which sticks to them like leeches, and which can be counted by thousands—over one hundred millions of dollars every year—or about as much as grateful America pays to pension those who, in the hour of danger, were willing to sacrifice their lives for the welfare and for the preservation of the constitution of their country.

The poverty of the German people is simply terrible. It has reached such a de-

gree that they cannot buy even the most necessary things.

It is hard to believe in America that the greater part of the German people cannot afford the luxury of a roast or of a porter-house steak, and that millions of skillful, brave and honest workingmen know meat only by name. Potatoes, salt and pepper is the daily food of those poor creatures; on Sunday a little rancid butter to dip the potatoes in, and perhaps once or twice a year a piece of meat—meat, which in America even a tramp would hardly touch.

Bread is looked upon as an article of luxury, and potatoes are beginning to be considered as a luxury also. If the extravagance of those royal blood-suckers cannot be stopped, and if they are allowed to go on in the same degree, then the time is not far distant when the German people will consider potato-peelings as the finest delicacy.

Ireland used to be the most oppressed country in Europe, but now Germany has reached the same standard. The misery among the German people is just as great as among the Irish, who have to starve, to bleed, and to toil in order to support royalty and the corrupt and rotten aristocracy.

At present poor, unfortunate Ireland is still at the mercy of its English oppressors.

But the time is not far distant when the gallant Irish people will succeed in their struggle for freedom, liberty and independence; when they will recover what was stolen from them by royal thieves and murderers, and when they will drive those miserable, contemptible bloodhounds from Irish soil forever.

The cruelty which is used in Germany to suppress every free motive, and the way those people are pursued and punished who are not yet bent down to be mere tools is horrible, and in accordance with the most barbarous times of past centuries. Those who in the slightest way oppose the cruel, unjust laws of their oppressors are thrown in jail—they are sentenced behind closed doors, and no punishment seems too hard or too cruel for them.

Tender-hearted and noble-minded judges are dismissed, and replaced by servile creatures who act according to the wishes of their royal masters.

Brave and noble men who have committed no wrong except that they have shown sympathy for the misery of their unfortunate countrymen, are languishing by thousands amidst the infected, poisonous air of German dungeons—not knowing whether the day of their release will ever come.

Spyism, as it prevails at present in Germany, could not have been worse in Spain in the time of the notorious hangman, the grand-inquisitor, Thomas Torquemada. No one is safe from his neighbor. Every one has to be on his guard, and just as in the time of the infamous Inquisition, no one can trust in Germany even in the nearest members of his family.

Every one who denounces those who are hostile towards the Government, is rewarded, and every one who does not do it, gets his punishment sooner or later.

The father sees in his son, the son in his father, the brother in his brother, a spy and denouncer. If thereby the domestic happiness of the German people becomes ruined and undermined, royalty is entirely indifferent, desiring only the interest of the Government.

Disunity among the people strengthens—Unity endangers the throne of European tyrants.

Honest and respectable men have lost their value in Germany. They have had to leave, in order to make a place for hypocrites or other contemptible wretches.

Brute strength is esteemed higher than right—stupidity higher than ability—ignorance higher than knowledge, in spite of the

fact that all the Government partisans affirm the contrary, and try to make people believe that impartiality exists in no country in the world to such an extent as in the German Empire.

The best and ablest men, who, at the same time have the interest of the people in view, have to flee, and the most stupid and impudent blockheads who only believe in the Divine right of royalty, are working themselves up to the highest and most profitable offices in the country.

Every one in Germany who wants to live in quietness, and who wishes to be protected by the Government, has to humble himself to the lowest degree, and has to go down to the level of brainless brutes. He has to obey orders; he is treated like a dog, and he is not allowed to grumble, even when his dearest is dragged by police force out of his house, and thrown into the filthy political prison cells.

Besides, he has to be hardhearted, without any feeling for his fellow-creatures, and he has to treat his subordinates just as meanly as he is treated himself by his superiors. If he does not do it, and if he shows sympathy for his poor unfortunate countrymen, then at once he antagonizes himself with the existing laws of his country. He

is considered a socialist, dangerous to his Government, and from that moment the police do everything to make his life in Germany as unpleasant as possible.

The German police are practically all-powerful. They are a lot of blood-thirsty executioners, with whom an honest person would be ashamed to serve.

Obedience and servile submissiveness towards royalty is the main thing that is required from them.

If the orders are given, they butcher friends, relations, wives and children with the same ease that an African savage would do it with his prisoners.

They annoy and harass the people where and whenever they can, and they give them to understand that it is only a favor to be allowed to live in their own country.

On account of the savage instincts of these hangmen, they have at last succeeded in forcing the German people to gaze upon them with fear and terror; in their presence they scarcely dare to open their mouths, and they hate and despise them in the same way that they do royalty.

The American police are here to bring to their senses those who have disgraced themselves as citizens—the German police are there to keep the people in fear and servil-

ity—in obedience—and to drag to prison those who in a free and unfettered country would be considered respectable and law-abiding.

Murderers, thieves and other rogues, perhaps having the walls of their rooms decorated with dozens of pictures of the German Emperor, are safer and better protected than the best and noblest men, who perhaps have only dared to think ; who has given the right to those tyrants to trample upon them and to squeeze the very last blood-drop out of them?

CHAPTER IV.

Every one loves the land where he was born, where he spent the happiest time of his childhood, and is glad if he can see those places of pleasant remembrance again. In Germany, however, such a pleasure is not easy to realize, and is allowed only under certain conditions.

A German who loves his country, and places it above his Emperor, is considered an outlaw and a traitor to his native land.

A German is obliged to love only his sovereign, and to sacrifice himself in his behalf without a murmur.

The fatherland plays no figure whatever. It ranks in the third or in the last line.

With God for royalty and fatherland, is the motto of those miserable, contemptible wretches.

Even in countries which are far behind the age, it seems ridiculous and almost impossible to understand that a hollow-headed despot should be allowed to arrogate to himself that—*Suprema lex voluntas regis*—viz: that the will of the ruler is the highest law.

They ought to get hold of such a dangerous crank, put him as coal-trimmer on board of a steamer, and make him work till he knows how to behave himself in the presence of honest and respectable people.

Royalty does everything to keep the people in ignorance and stupidity, but in spite of all precaution, and in spite of a censorship and a police-cordon, the breeze of freedom and liberty, that blows over from America, is permitted to find its way to the ears and hearts of these poor, tyrannized people.

It is the law of nature that enlightenment and ignorance, freedom and tyranny, are always in an antagonistic relation toward each other.

America, as the freest and most civilized country on our globe, is therefore considered

by all the sovereigns of European slave-states as their greatest enemy.

Royalty knows that America looks with compassion upon the poor tyrannized people, and with scornful contempt upon their hard-hearted oppressors.

If it lay in the power of European tyrants, they would pounce upon America to-morrow. They would butcher the inhabitants, they would cut the land to pieces, they would make monarchies and slave-states out of it; and they would place some of their rotten offspring as kings and emperors on the thrones.

But as this is an impossibility, and as Europe cannot live without the aid of America, royalty imitates the Jesuits, and makes the best of a bad case, and does everything in its power to give the people a most unfavorable opinion of America and of the Americans.

If the European despots would declare war to America, then the European people would have the best chance to get rid of royalty at once, and to transform monarchies into republics.

In case that one, two, or all the European slave-states together should go against America—in case their fleet should cross the Atlantic without being molested by



American men-of-war—in case they should disembark their troops and their war-material without being opposed by American forces—then, out of every hundred thousand soldiers landed, at least seventy-five thousand would at once turn round, and without the assistance of the Americans, would fight and destroy their oppressors themselves.

They would do the same as thousands of Germans did during the American war of Independence, who had to fight in British uniform for the sake of England's tyranny.

Those poor fellows who were torn from their families in Germany, who were tied together and sold like cattle to the English Government, and who were shipped as British soldiers over to America—of course took the very first opportunity to desert their standard, and to run over to the Americans in order to fight under the glorious stars and stripes for freedom and liberty against tyranny and slavery.

During the war of American Independence, those despicable German sovereigns sold over thirty thousand of their poor, unfortunate subjects to the English Government, for which it paid them on an average a little over a thousand dollars a head. The most notorious and the most infamous slave dealer was the Sovereign of Hessen, who

alone cleared and pocketed over twenty millions of dollars in this fair and honest business, as royalty calls it.

A relation of this *canaille* did something still worse. He sold, during the Austrian Succession War, in the middle of the last century, to two different parties that were in war against each other at the same time, thousands of his subjects.

Father had to fight against son and brother against brother in order to fill the pocket of such an infernal monster.

Nero can be considered an angel in comparison with these kind and tender hearted German gentlemen.

Now-a-days the people have a few more rights, and the foundation of royalty is less solid—if it were not, a great many German sovereigns would do the same thing over again, as soon as they had the chance.

I have a picture in my possession, representing those twenty-three German sovereigns in full military dress. If a person did not know it, and judged by the low and mean expressions in their faces, he surely would take a good many of them for criminals, fit for the gallows.

For a German soldier it is, of course, impossible to escape, but for a sailor it is at times far easier.

German men of war who dislike free countries very seldom come over to America, but when they do, their crews are never allowed to go on shore. The officers know perfectly well that they will never see their men again when once they land.

In countries where the men have less, or no chance to run away, small batches of them, under the surveillance of a petty officer, are at times allowed to go on shore. But in spite of all such precautions a great many of them always contrive to get away.

Once I saw a man-of-war that was scarcely three months out that had already lost over a dozen men by desertion. They left everything behind, and were only too glad to get out of reach of German tyranny.

CHAPTER V.

They don't like to hear in Europe that the Old World would starve without the aid of America. They rather prefer to believe that America would go bankrupt if it were not for them.

These stupid and foolish thoughts are of course only the consequence of ignorance.

Every intelligent person can imagine what would be the condition of the greater part of European countries without the mil-

lions of bushels of grain, and the millions of pounds of pork, shipped every year from America; not speaking at all of petroleum cotton, and hundreds of other articles that are not exactly classed among the first necessities of life.

Experience shows every day that hundreds of thousands of people are starving in those tyrannical countries, but without the aid of America, millions would share the same fate.

The Russian Relief Association in Philadelphia may testify best what goes on in that country, and in what way those millions of famine-stricken people are suffering—in spite of the Russian despot, in his pride, maliciousness, hard-heartedness and ignorance solemnly declaring that no starvation, and no misery are known in his Empire.

Everyone who dares to speak in Germany about the many advantages of the great American Republic, and about the blessings and the happiness of American domestic life, is looked upon with suspicious eyes. He is considered an enemy of the country, a disturber of peace, and the police, who are set immediately upon him, are watching him in all his doings during his stay in Germany.

But those who, from ignorance, stupidity, or malice, disfigure and run down everything that is American are considered as true and useful tools of the Government. As a reward for their services they are raised to nobility, they are presented with titles and decorations, and they have an opportunity of working themselves up to the highest position.

In Germany a great many half-starved artists, poets, literary and scientific men are always idling about. With the aid of the Government, those who have influence are sometimes sent around the world. It is done, as it is said, in the interest of art, of science and of education.

These gentlemen behave themselves abroad as the veriest school-boys, and so green, plump and clumsy are they, that even the dogs in the street bark at them.

After returning home, these heroes are considered as something wonderful, and every one looks at them with admiration. What they say and what they relate about their travels and foreign countries is law, and no one would dare to contradict them in the very least.

To show themselves thankful to those who have paid their travelling expenses, as well as to raise themselves in the favor of

their benefactors, they run down and find fault with everything that is not German.

They cannot sufficiently praise and idolize the German Empire; the exemplary German Government; the enviable state of German affairs, and they point out at every opportunity that a civilized and intelligent person can reside and live happily and contentedly only in free and powerful Germany.

About the American people they express themselves in the meanest and most contemptible way, and are intimating to their countrymen that respectable and civilized Europeans cannot associate with them at all.

In Europe they judge the value of a person according to his apparel. The better he is dressed the better he is considered in the opinion of his associates. A gentleman that is not dressed like a dude, is no gentleman at all. The greatest scoundrel, if dressed like a dandy, is a gentleman, and the most respectable man in shirt sleeves and jacket is considered too common for a gentleman to deal with.

Being accustomed to such a rotten theory, it is easy to understand why some stupid greenhorn, who once in a while comes over to America, take the best and most respectable citizens for loafers—and loafers, pick-

pockets and scoundrels for American gentlemen.

In Europe almost every one thinks that the Americans are the greatest blowers in the world, and that only a very little of what they say, do, or write, can be taken for the truth.

It is of course the consequence of tyranny and the fault of the Government that has taught them so, and that has given them such a wrong and bad idea about people—who are at least a hundred years ahead of them.

A short time ago I met a German in New York who pretended to be a man of ability, and who, by reason of his boasting, everyone might have taken for an expert in seafaring matters. We spoke about the different steamship lines between Europe and America, and I told him that according to my idea, some of the White Star Liners could be considered as the fastest, finest and largest vessels afloat.

He felt angry and indignant at my remark, and answered me in quite an insulting way, wondering how I could make such assertions as that, that the White Star Liners were only tug-boats in comparison with the latest steamers of the Hamburg-American Line. At the same time he drew

a newspaper out of his pocket and showed me in black and white, that some of the Hamburg Steamers were of ten thousand tons, and twelve thousand, five hundred horse-power.

I laughed and answered him that everyone was at liberty to recommend his merchandise just as he pleased, but that I thought the White Star Line or any other line would feel ashamed to advertise its steamers three to four times larger than in reality they were, and that perhaps they considered their countrymen not quite ignorant enough to believe such miserable falsehoods.

It is always very hard to fight against ignorance, and to make hollow-headed people believe the real truth.

All the proofs I gave him were of no avail, and he only defended himself by saying that a respectable steamer line, like the Hamburg-American, surely would not write anything if it was not the case.

To end our dispute, I invited him to come over with me to Hoboken, where the German steamers have their quarters. We went on board of the Augusta-Victoria, and I showed him, that, according to the certificate of inspection, this vessel, one of the finest of the fleet, was of only three thous-

and, four hundred, and fifty-three tons, and not ten thousand, as advertised in the papers.

Against such a proof of course he could say nothing. I suppose he felt ashamed of his own ignorance; then he left me, without even wishing me 'good-bye.

For curiosity sake, I asked different officers on board of the *Augusta-Victoria* about the tonnage of the vessel, and everyone, just like a parrot, answered me, "Ten thousand tons."

This shows how these people have been instructed to tell a falsehood. If they were to tell the truth, they would run the risk of being discharged as soon as they returned home again.

The Hamburg-American Line knows perfectly well that ignorance always sticks to big figures, and that by boasting and swaggering, more money can be made than otherwise.

A vessel of one thousand, and advertised as five thousand tons, finds more customers than a vessel of five thousand, and advertised as a thousand tons.

The real meaning of tonnage is of course entirely unknown to the greater part of travellers, even those who have crossed the ocean perhaps a dozen times.

It is the same way in Germany with pretty nearly everything.

The ignorance of the Germans in Germany is so great that they take every American who has a German sounding name for a German; and especially when those Americans have become renowned by architecture, engineering, or other kind of brain-work—then the boast that no one else but a German could be capable of such work, is heard all over Germany.

That an American whose great-grandfather was sold by his kind-hearted German Sovereign to England, in order to fight as a British soldier against George Washington, is, in spite of his German-sounding name, no more German than a German despot can call himself a loyal American citizen—is, of course, not believed by the greater part of my more intelligent German countrymen.

CHAPTER VI.

I have books in my possession which I keep for curiosity sake. They are written by men in Germany who are considered authorities. They contain about America and about the Americans the greatest falsehoods and the meanest and most imperti-

ment lies. Written with maliciousness and in the interest of the German Government, their object is to distort, in the eyes of the German people, everything that is American.

As it is in Germany so it is, more or less, in all the rest of European Monarchies, and even in England, which is considered as the freest and most independent country.

The hostile feeling against America is very great, and seldom a day passes without one of those European Hottentots trying to ridicule America or the Americans in one way or another.

Brave and gallant European Generals who consider it a great honor to be appointed toilet-room clearer of their royal masters, and who could not have served as a sergeant during the last American Civil War, are not ashamed to ridicule the actions of two of the greatest generals the world has ever produced,—Grant and Sherman.

Those European heroes who never come within the reach of cannon balls, but who know how to bombard, to burn and to destroy inoffensive towns, villages and helpless natives—those carpet-knights who seek the influence of royal petticoats to get titles and military decorations—and those court-

clowns, who stoop, bow, sneak and prostrate themselves in the presence of royalty to the lowest degree—are arrogant, conceited, mean and cruel to their subordinates, or to those from whom they can expect no favors.

Europe has any number of generals and field marshals who have the breast of their padded uniforms bedecked with dozens of stars and military decorations, and who have never in their lives faced an enemy.

They have won stars, titles and other humbugs of this kind, not in the presence of the enemy, not on the battle-fields, but in their capacity as hypocrites, as sneaks, and as contemptible court-clowns.

The more those heroes are exalted in such a carnival and masquerade attire, the more insignificant their military value.

If there was a law that royalty, surrounded by its court-clowns and carpet-knights, had to advance in front of their soldiers against the enemy, then every one could be sure—that there would be no more war in Europe.

Books that are considered in Germany as the best and most reliable ones, pretend to state the amount that is every year embezzled in America. One of those intelligent writers, who surely knows no more about America than a monkey does about

playing the violin, could even calculate that in one year exactly two millions six hundred thousand dollars disappeared through the dishonesty of American officials.

If this should be the case, then the malicious writer has entirely forgotten to mention the millions and millions which are stolen every year by the honest and respectable German officials.

Nothing is perfect in this world, and every one has his faults and his defects. Even if there were gods, they would have their faults, and perhaps some of them would, just like human beings, open their ears to fraud and bribery, also.

If a great and wealthy country like America is annually defrauded of two millions, six hundred thousand dollars, then it can be positively assumed that in a small and poor country like Germany, every year at least double the amount slips by mistake into the pockets of somebody.

The only difference is that in Germany no one hears about those rascalities, and that in America everything is exposed and made a hundred times worse than in reality it is.

In America they make an elephant out of a flea, and in Germany, out of an elephant a flea of the smallest size.

Every well-informed German ought to

know the robberies and the embezzlements committed only a short time ago in Kiel, in Wilhelms-hafen, in Hamburg, in Berlin and in many other German cities, by the high-standing German officials. But a hint from the Government at once suppresses scandals and rascalities of this kind, and any one who dares to mention a single word about them, is threatened with imprisonment.

Here in America are a good many Germans that belong in their native country to the so-called "better" and "privileged classes." The greater part of them came to America because their money was exhausted—because they could not get along in the same style as before—and because they thought it would be easier to recover a new fortune in America.

Without any interest in America or in the Americans, these people consider this country only as a mulch-cow. Money is all they want, and the day for their return to Germany means to them the greatest felicity.

With hateful and invidious eyes they look upon every thing that is American—they cheat and swindle friends as well as enemies—they do a mean and unfair business—they behave like rascals and cut-throats—and they bring the reputation of their re-

spectable countrymen, at times, into very bad and suspicious light.

People of this kind are very injurious to the country, and in some ways far more dangerous than the Chinese are.

A Chinaman takes his money, goes back to China, and does not care any more about America. A European of this kind is in some respects about the same, but instead of doing as a Chinaman does, he commences to grumble, and expresses his gratitude towards the land which has assisted and protected him—by finding fault with everything that is American, and by running the country and the people down in the meanest and most scandalous way.

Every foreigner who has any practical experience knows that in general it is far wiser to associate in America only with Americans.

All those foreigners who some day will go back to their native country, and tell stories about the way in which they were cheated in America in general forget to mention that they were not cheated by Americans—but only by their own, dear, beloved countrymen.

The Americans here at home are, usually, perfectly contented and satisfied when they can make a good and comfortable living.

But foreigners who use this country only as a milch-cow have entirely different ideas. Their idea is to go back again to their own country as soon as possible, and with as much money as they can rake together.

Americans in general, don't have much to do with foreigners, either in business or in social life, and, therefore, foreigners have to depend mostly upon their own countrymen, and have to squeeze out of them all they possibly can.

People who cannot make their living in the European Slave-States—people, who would starve to death there and who do not dare to open their mouths, for fear of the existing laws, are now coming over to America, and within a short time behave as if the whole country belonged to them, and as if they were the rulers and the Americans their servants.

CHAPTER VII.

If tradition don't lie, and if it is true that in ancient times the Germans loved freedom and liberty above everything else, and that they acknowledged God as their only master, then no one will deny that they have lost in personal value to a considerable extent.

Liberty, honesty and independence are re-

placed by tyranny, slavery and hypocrisy, and have degraded the German nation in the year eighteen hundred and ninety-two to toys and tools in the hands of a lot of lazy, ambitious and blood-thirsty despots.

To flatter the Germans in their self-consciousness, and to make the yoke fastened upon them a little more endurable, the German Government gives them to understand that they ought to be proud and happy to call themselves subjects of the most civilized, educated and advanced nation in the world.

Just the same way that the government teaches the people, the parents of the better and privileged classes are teaching their children. The children have to hear bragging and boasting of this kind so often in schools as well as in their paternal houses that a great many of them at last believe such stupid and brainless talk, and the consequence is that they look with contempt and disfavor upon everything that is not German. With education, with civilization and enlightenment, the greatest abuses are carried on in Germany.

People who consider their vain and hollow-headed, and sometimes insane sovereign as a god—people who have no more idea about what lies outside the borders of their

native villages than a Zulu Caffre has about the doctrines of Confucius—call themselves educated and intelligent!

How is it possible that countries can be called civilized where the truth is the greatest enemy, and where stupid and ignorant despots are standing above the laws, and considered in every respect as infallible?

How is it imaginable that countries can claim to be civilized where no heart, no human feeling is shown to the misery of its inhabitants; where the poor man has no rights whatever; where he is treated worse than a dog, and where they value a person only by his uniform, by his titles and decorations, and by other humbuggery of that kind?

Surely, when in spite of this, people still claim to be civilized and intelligent, then no one could blame those black gentlemen in Africa, who consider the flesh of human beings as the finest delicacy for considering themselves civilized and enlightened also.

There is but one country in the world where the naked truth may be spoken to friends and enemies, and where a thoughtful, feeling and well-informed person can enjoy the happiness and the blessings of life—and this one country is free and independent America.

In this grand and enviable country, which is built up by the strength of the American people upon the remnants of European tyranny, besides God, only one majesty is known, and this one majesty is the majesty of its laws. She protects the poor and the weak in the same way as the rich and the strong, and to obey and respect her is considered the greatest honor and the very first duty of every good and loyal citizen.

Every noble German ought to feel ashamed that his unfortunate country is to-day still tyrannized over by no less than twenty-three royal families.

One Emperor, four Kings, eight reigning Princes, six Grand-Dukes and four Dukes, have divided among themselves that poor unfortunate country, and are living from its substance and from that of its inhabitants.

Every one of those loafers has his castles and his palaces, which are constructed and fitted up by the earnings of the people, and represent the value of millions; every one has his ministry and a horde of contemptible sneaks and court-clowns, which, in their behalf, are squeezing the people out in the same style as their royal masters—and every one has, outside of his own family, his mistresses and concubines, who require for

their support fabulous amounts also every year.

The rest of European Slave-States, which in general have far more resources, and which only have to provide for one blue-blooded family, not for twenty-three, like in Germany, are not to blame when they ridicule the state of affairs in poor unfortunate Germany.

Those respectable blood-suckers and cut-throats have no compunctions whatever. They dispose of the resources of the country according to their desires. They eat and drink the very best; they bathe and lave in claret and champagne, and all they know to do is to steal, to lie, to cheat, and increase the world with their rotten and worthless offspring.

Every child they put in the world becomes from the day of its birth, at once a burden to the people as well as to the country.

It does not make the slightest impression upon royalty if in consequence of such management the country falls to pieces, or if the poor, unfortunate people are starving to death before the glittering windows of their gilded palaces. Pity is entirely unknown to European tyrants. They show far less mercy towards their fellow-creatures than is shown in America towards animals.

Germany is the breeding place and wholesale house for blue-blooded merchandise. If in other countries the stock is gone out, then Germany has to supply them with this corrupted, worthless article, from which it always keeps a large stock on hand.

If some one were to propose to European Sovereigns that it would be a blessing to the country if they would resign and retire with an annual pension, then they would stamp him as the most dangerous anarchist, and would throw him in prison and torture him to death if they could.

To defend their throne and to keep together what they and their ancestors have stolen from the people, they would not hesitate a moment to send the last of their subjects at once to execution.

Royalty only yields to force; and as it is out of the question to hope that such a friendly transformation from monarchy to a republic, or from tyranny to liberty—as lately occurred in Brazil—could take place, it is only possible to get rid of them in a way which perhaps might resemble in some ways the glorious French Revolution of last century.

Millions of brave and noble thinking Germans, at home as well as abroad, would sacrifice their lives with pleasure if the hour

would come when they could fight against their cowardly oppressors of freedom and liberty ; against those miserable, contemptible royal frauds and blackguards.

CHAPTER VIII.

People who are not much acquainted with German affairs surely have been puzzled to know why a brave and intelligent nation could not succeed in driving away their oppressors. But if they knew with what cunning refinement royalty has tied the protecting knot, then they would soon come to the conclusion that it is not quite so easy as it appears to be.

The iron discipline that rules in the German army does not find its equal in any country in the world.

The German soldier is, in the true meaning of the word, nothing else but a machine, who has to follow, to obey, and to bear any kind of abuse with the greatest patience. Every word, every action on his part is noticed, and the very least mistake or misbehavior is punished most severely. The German sergeants, of whom the greater part scarcely know how to read or write, are the tormenters of the German soldiers. They

play in Germany a most important figure, and are considered as strongholds and safeguards of German tyranny.

Knowing their value and the power granted to them, they often don't know what to do with themselves for the sake of variety. They consider their subordinates as a herd of cattle, and they treat them in such a brutal and infamous manner that here in America no one would or could believe it.

In loyal veneration they are devoted to royalty, and all they know is to annoy, to torture people, and to perform their military duty.

After an active service of twelve years, every sergeant has the right to claim a civil employment. By thousands the government brings them under as customhouse, telegraph, post and railroad officials, and secure through them faithful and obedient servants. If they are fitted for those places is a matter of little importance. In these as well as in other German Government branches loyalty and ignorance have more value than ability and intelligence.

The Indians employed by the Spanish Government on the Philippines are in comparison with the greater part of German officials actually scientific men.

That a great many short-sighted and

government-trained Germans think that the German Government officials are, in respect to information and ability, far superior to those of other countries, is only the consequence of ignorance; otherwise they would know that such foolish and conceited ideas depended, as does almost everything else in the German Empire, only on boasting and swaggering.

It is necessary to know the German Government officials by experience to get a little idea about their arrogance and haughtiness. No German official is imaginable without uniform, epaulets, helmet, sword and gloves.

General Grant at the summit of his military glory, and as commander of a million of soldiers, had not given himself such an air as the lowest German Government official, who, in his padded uniform, walks the streets, and who, perhaps, does not even know how to write his own name.

The German Government officials are a vain and impudent, and in general a very stupid and ignorant set of men. The chief knowledge they possess is to obey, sneak and to fawn before Royalty. They have to decorate offices and private residences with the picture of the German Emperor and some of his relatives—if they did not, they would be dismissed in disgrace—and then those self-

opinionated but brainless fellows could not even earn a loaf of bread a day.

I never had a high opinion of the ability of the German Government attaches, but since my last experience with them, even my very limited respect is gone.

A few years ago I took a trip over to Europe in company with my wife, and at Hamburg death carried her away from me. In order to take her ashes back with me to America, I had the remains of my departed wife cremated in Gotha. Every opinion that is not bound by prejudices and old-time customs has to declare itself in favor of cremation.

The only cremation hall in Germany is in Gotha, and even to this one the government objects and does everything to get it out of the way.

The expensive way of cremation in Germany, and the many troubles and formalities required by law are the reasons why so very few make use of it. My wife was the five hundred and forty-sixth corpse cremated in Gotha within a space of a little over twelve years.

I had to fight against so many difficulties in Hamburg, as well as in Gotha, that surely a great many other men in my position would have decided differently even at the very last

moment. Two government officials had to watch the soldering of the interior zinc coffin, and had to see and convince themselves that the railroad car which carried my deceased wife away was properly locked, chained and sealed.

Three days I had to run about from morning to evening, to get the papers together which were required by the different government branches at Hamburg. I had my pocket full of different papers, and in the afternoon of the third day, I went to get the last, the most important document of all.

It seemed that the uniformed clerks of this office didn't know much about their business; then they made grimaces and told me that it would be better for me to see the Chief myself. I went into his private office, informed him about my coming, handing him at the same time all the papers I had. He sniffed at them in a supercilious way, adjusted his eyeglasses, caressed his beard, looked at me with self-satisfied vanity and said, "Are those all the papers you have?" I smiled and answered, "There are already about a dozen different papers; do you still require some more?"

"That you don't know, sir," was his rude reply. "You have to bring the certificate

of birth and baptism of your departed wife, or I can not make out that paper for you."

I told him that I felt sorry at not being able to comply with his wishes as my wife was American born, I myself a naturalized American, and in free and enlightened America where everything is easily and expeditiously arranged, no one requires such proofs.

But scarcely had I told him this than he jumped from his chair, gazed at me with a furious look, and cried, "Yes, yes; in your America you are still far behind—you have yet to learn a great many things from us." A glance of the deepest contempt was the only answer I could give him. We quarreled and disputed about the paper he insisted on having, and as at last I saw that he would not give in and that I could not comply with his desire, I told him that I should be compelled to seek the assistance of the American Minister, in order to have my deceased wife cremated.

Very probably these threats made the necessary impression upon him, for he sat down, took ink and paper, and asked me, in a manner that a thief and murderer would be interrogated, about the place of residence—the Christian and family names—about the age, profession and religion of

the parents and of the sisters and brothers of my deceased wife—about godfathers, godmothers and about the name of the clergyman who performed the act of baptizing. He asked about the place and the time of our marriage, and was persistent in knowing the age and the religion of the justice of the peace, who, in the eyes of my intelligent German countryman, was taken for a priest.

No American will ever be able to answer all these questions. For me it was also impossible; and as I saw that he cared less for the truth than for the mere formality, I invented the answers, and gave them to him just as fast as he directed the questions.

As he asked me the birthplace of my wife, I told him that it was Zenia, in Green County, in the State of Ohio, and about sixty miles from Cincinnati.

Zenia, Green County, and Ohio, seemed to be entirely unknown to him; he passed over it with silence, and only took notice about Cincinnati, of which perhaps he might have heard.

He looked at me with a stupid look, and said, "Cin-cin, how do you write and where is this Cin-cin-cin, anyhow." I gazed at him with amused contempt, and answered in a deprecating manner, "Just now you

said the Americans have still to learn a great many things from you—and now you don't know even where Cincinnati lies, the greatest and most important city in the State of Ohio."

"Yes, yes," said this blockheaded blower, "we know all that, but the quantity of important business we have to attend to makes it easy to forget little places like that."

I took my paper, paid my fees, bade him, in a laughing, ironical way, good-bye, and wished never to have anything more to do with that troublesome and antediluvian German Government.

The name Cincinnati was disfigured by this two-legged hippopotamus in the most horrible manner, and altered to "Sinsin-gnatta."

CHAPTER IX.

Taking into consideration the means they employ, it is easy to understand how the German soldiers could be trained and drilled like dolls.

In the German army it is forbidden to strike—but only on paper. In reality kicks and slaps are so freely distributed that one would think he was living in the

fourteenth or fifteenth century. The poor soldier is entirely helpless against such rough and brutal treatment. He is spoken to in the most abusive language, and he has to stand it when they treat him worse than a beast, and torture him almost to death.

Only in time of war are the tables turned. Experience has shown that the greatest tyrants are always the greatest cowards.

In presence of the enemy, these blood-thirsty executioners become cowards, and do all they can to make the soldiers forget the past. But the rage against the miserable wretches is in general of such a kind that it is not so easy to forget.

As proof of this fact are the great many officers and petty-officers, who during the different wars have been shot by their own soldiers. Cases have been, during the French-German wars, where the German ball did, among the Germans, just as disastrous work as the French projectiles.

In winter, when the thermometer showed ten degree Reamier below zero, I have seen German soldiers perspiring as if taken out of a bath-house, and trembling from hardships inflicted upon them by their cruel way of drilling.

In company with my wife I saw, one morning, the training of a squad of grenadiers on

the drilling-ground around Potsdam. A poor soldier, who perhaps had sneezed or moved his head, or had not stretched his legs or stuck out his chest enough, provoked and drew the attention of his sergeant. He went towards him, seized him by his breast, and shook and buffeted him so that his helmet almost fell from his head, and not satisfied with this, he took his fist, and slapped him in the face so that the blood ran from his nose. Without moving an eye-lid, or a muscle in his face, this poor fellow stood to the disgrace of Germany and German's tyranny, like a statue before his cowardly tormentor.

My wife, a freedom-loving American, could not restrain her tears at the sight of such brutality. She took my arm and said, "What a disgrace—let us go—I don't want to see those German savages any longer."

Isn't it a farce to advocate liberty after having seen such acts as these? Only the ignorant consider a German in Germany as a free and independent man, but every reflecting person knows that he is a slave in the true meaning of the word, and that he has fewer rights and less protection than the slaves had formerly in America.

The life of a human being has no value in Germany, and especially in the German army and navy.

By parades, by marching and by manoeuvres, hundreds of poor fellows lose their lives every year. The real number of victims no one will ever know, as it is to the interest of the Government to keep those things secret. Drilling, parading and exercising German soldiers are in many respects far more dangerous than facing an enemy on the battle-field.

To show how they understand punishing in the German army, I will relate one case. A son of one of my schoolmates in Germany had to do slave-service for his Emperor. To celebrate his twentieth birthday, he treated some of his comrades and his sergeant to a keg of beer. The effect of the beverage soon made them feel hilarious, and they commenced to dispute and to contradict the words of their petty-officer. He also, under its influence, wanted to show his military authority, and, perhaps not on good terms with him, they pushed him out of the door into the fresh, open air. Next day the sergeant denounced the four soldiers, owing to which he who had celebrated his birthday, was sentenced to seven, and the other three to five years' compulsory labor within a German fortress.

Petitions of mitigation which were presented by the parents of these young people

to the military authorities were utterly disregarded.

The sergeant was corrected with a light rebuke—because he kept company with common soldiers.

Those who dare to make their jokes about royal personages are punished in quite another way. Royalty stands in poor, despotic Germany above the law, and therefore outside the boundary of insult. Every word, every look, every irreverent smile is considered as high treason, and punished at once with merciless severity.

An Emperor, a King, or some one else who belongs to this horde of blue-blooded loafers, may shoot down anyone he likes, without even the slightest punishment being inflicted upon him.

Friends and relations who defend these slain and murdered men, are, as experience has shown, dragged into prison and treated as mutineers and criminals against the rights of majesty.

People, who for like infamous deeds, would be lynched in America—are superior to the laws; and people who in America would be almost too stupid to be hog-drivers are there making the laws.

Any one who dares to say that royalty is not made out of better clay, or that the

brains of the German Emperor are not more valuable than those of other mortals, commits an unpardonable crime, and has the opportunity of thinking more about this subject within the walls of a German Bastille.

Once I came through Berlin, and saw in one of the streets a poor fellow dragged along with his arms tied behind his back, and surrounded by half a dozen policemen. He was a carpenter, denounced by spies, and taken by force out of a house in process of construction, in which he was working. His whole crime consisted in some depreciating remarks made because on the opposite guard post some thirty soldiers were called under arms in order to salute the imperial babies which were driven by in an open carriage.

As a crime committed against members of his Imperial and Royal Majesty, this poor fellow was tried behind closed doors, and sentenced to three years' imprisonment.

Thousands and thousands of brave and honest Germans who have committed a similar crime, are inhabiting the German dungeons, and are languishing under the merciless whip of German tyranny.

CHAPTER X.

To flatter the Germans and to show them that in honest Germany even a common soldier can find justice, he is allowed to complain about the brutality with which he has been treated.

In theory it sounds all right, but in practice it is entirely different, and besides, connected with a great many dangers.

A soldier that for instance wants to complain about his first sergeant, has to present his written statement to his corporal, from whom it goes, while leaping over the defendant, gradually upwards.

The way in which such a complaint goes from corporal to second sergeant, from second sergeant to second lieutenant, from second lieutenant to first lieutenant, from first lieutenant to captain, from captain to major, from major to lieutenant colonel, from lieutenant colonel to colonel, and so on, is very troublesome, and takes weeks and months before it gets to its proper place.

In the meantime the defendant, whose savage nature only becomes enraged by such a proceeding, finds time and chance enough to tease and to torment the plaintiff in such a way that he often prefers to end the misery of his existence by his own hand. Cases

of this kind have happened very often, and will happen still in future, so long as some radical change is not made.

In case a soldier should complain not strictly according to directions—then punishment is given as answer.

As it lies in the interest of every tyrant never to drive away any one that works for the welfare of his house—it is easy to understand that the sentence inflicted upon those officers or petty officers is always very mild. A rebuke, a short arrest in his room, or a removal into another regiment is most all.

Since the year eighteen hundred and fourteen, the military service has been compulsory all over Prussia, and for the last twenty-five years over the rest of Germany also. Everyone who is not crippled has to do slave-service to his Sovereign.

At Hamburg, up to the year eighteen hundred and sixty-six, every one could avoid military service by placing a substitute.

Any young man in Germany who has money, influence, and a little knowledge, has the privilege of serving as one-year-volunteer; and every young man who has no money and no influence, has to serve three years, and no privilege is granted to him, even if he has more brains and more knowledge than dozens of volunteers together.

Money and influence play, among the doctors and professors, a very important figure during the so-called "One-year-volunteer examination." A great many of these gentlemen are just as susceptible to briberies as the Chinese are.

Scandals and rascalities of this kind were only lately discovered at Hamburg, at Berlin and at many other German places—but in consequence of a hint from high military authorities, transferred at once to the realms of oblivion.

The fate of the poor fellows who have to serve three years is hard, severe and very miserable, and far worse than that shown to the slaves in America in former years.

The fate of a volunteer is entirely different and can be considered as enjoyable and enviable. A volunteer does not live in the barracks, but rooms and boards with relations, with friends, or wherever he likes.

Uniforms, arms, horses and everything that belongs to the trade, a volunteer has to buy for his own account. The order says that the material of the uniform of a volunteer ought not to be finer than of the rest of the soldiers—but herein, as well as with a great many other things, no one pays the slightest attention.

A volunteer who does not want to be

sneered at or undervalued by his superiors, has to keep a three-year soldier as servant, and has to treat him, according to custom, in a mean and snubbing way.

The greater part of the volunteers imitate exactly the doings of their officers. They caress their beards or their waxed mustaches; they coquet with their *pince-nez* and eyeglasses; they imitate the sneering voice of German officers, they wear corsets and calves just like ballet girls; they walk the street in their padded uniforms, and they often, for variety, don't know what to do with themselves. For a volunteer the year of service seems a pleasure, and to a good many even the finest in all their life.

A volunteer who receives from his relatives the necessary cash supply, and who once in a while can present his sergeant with a box of cigars, with a nice suit of clothes, or with a modest gold coin—and his wife, the gracious Mrs. Sergeant, with a smoked ham, with a keg of butter, or with a pair of golden, even of fourteen carat, earrings—never gets acquainted with the unfavorable sides of those bloodthirsty Government tools, as does the poor three-year soldier—who has no one to supply him with pocket-money, who only can provide himself with something substantial in the kitchen of a

lady-cook friend—and who otherwise has to get along with his miserable barrack-food, and with his twenty pfennige or five cents a day.

A German soldier gets one dollar and fifty cents a month, from which he has to spend some twenty per cent. for blacking brushes, needles, thread and lots of other little articles. He surely would not believe that an American soldier gets at least fifteen dollars a month; that he is treated like a gentleman; that he finds amusement and the comfort of home within the barrack-walls, and that he lives, in comparison to him, like a real nabob.

Volunteers who are treated in such a mild and lenient way and who are even allowed to show their superiority to their unfortunate three-year comrades, adhere with very few exceptions, to the colors of their tyrant.

In time of war and during the yearly manoeuvres, they take the lieutenants for the German reserve from the body of volunteers. But in spite of the fact that they wear the uniform of German officers, they are treated by the regular army officers with contempt and indifference. They consider them as school-boys, as something inferior, and as beneath their dignity to call their equals.

I have a good many relations and acquaintances who have served, or are still serving as volunteers in the cavalry, infantry and artillery, and who when the question once came up on this point, so flattering to their ambition, didn't know how to boast, to blow and swagger.

Once I had an acquaintance that carried his uniform and his trade-tools, used during his one-year service in Germany, abroad, and decorated with it, as precious relics, the walls of his room. A thoughtful friend told him one day that he ought to be ashamed in doing what only reminds one of slavery and tyranny. But instead of being thankful for such a hint he became rude and boisterous, and cried out in his ignorance, that the wearers of the glorious uniform of his Emperor have no fear of any one, and that they could conquer even the whole world. Braggarts of this kind, who have fainting spells as soon as some one draws a pistol, are running by thousands all over Germany.

The German Articles of War are hard, severe and very cruel, and may be compared with those of the wildest tribe in Africa.

A soldier after joining the army or the navy, and after the military oath is taken

by him, has to cease to love his parents, his country or the dearest that God has laid in his heart. In future he has to obey, to love and to idolize only his Sovereign, and has to consider him as his dearest and highest palladium. In his interest he has to sacrifice himself at any moment; he has to execute the most barbarous commands without grumbling, and he is not even allowed a moment's consideration to shoot upon mother, father, sisters and brothers, if the order to do so is given to him.

Many years ago I spoke to one of my relations in Germany about the last American Civil War. He had served his time as one-year-volunteer in the German army, and had just as little understanding of America as the greater part of his and my countrymen. He told me that a hundred thousand German soldiers would have done the same that a million American soldiers did, and that without any doubt they would, within one year, have ended the war which took Americans over four years.

I laughed, and that was about all I could do. To convince those people of their ignorance is just as impossible as to make a jack-ass a scientist.

To be allowed to wear the uniform, to ride the horse, and to carry the arms of the

Emperor must be considered as the greatest honor to every German soldier.

Such an infamous theory is taught and preached so often to the soldiers that a good many of them at last really believe in it.

The country does not come into consideration at all—it plays no figure whatever—and everything belongs only to the Emperor.

The army, the navy, built up from the money of the people, and everything else appertaining to it, does not belong to the nation, does not belong to the people, but only to his Imperial and Royal Majesty—a Majesty that here in America could not, even as an organ-grinder, make a living—a Majesty who would not be fit to be deck-sweeper in the American navy, and who perhaps could not even be used as stable-boy in the American army.

It is the same way in all the European slave-states. In England everything belongs to a petticoat, and in Spain everything to a baby, who still has to be nursed with condensed milk.

Every honest and thoughtful European ought to be ashamed of such a farce, and ought to do all he can to get rid of such miserable, contemptible frauds and impostors.

CHAPTER XI.

It was discovered by European despots in former centuries that they could keep themselves in power only by force and superstition, and that without it they soon would fall victims to the infuriated people.

Knowing this, the ambitious and heartless German despot raised the depending classes above the producing classes, and granted them rights and favors which only could flatter and strengthen one part, and irritate and weaken the other. Such a dangerous and ruinous doctrine has been kept up to this very day, and it is the curse of poor, unfortunate Germany that she plays such a miserable, pitiful figure in the matter of her interior affairs.

That the useless depending class would starve without the aid of the useful producing class is something that they don't like to hear in Germany.

The officers take the first place in Germany, and the privileges granted to them seem almost incredible. On paper a great many of those favors and privileges are of course removed—but in reality they exist in the same way as before.

Those gentlemen look with hatred and contempt upon everything that is not mili-

tary. They have the same principles as their royal masters and think that the people ought to consider it an honor, if they are allowed to feed and to fatten them.

The highest of the nobility, which in general are always the most ignorant, are in possession of the highest and most profitable offices in the country; and the lower and the lowest of the nobility, as well as the few non-noble officers, have to take what is left.

The officers of the cavalry and infantry, who in general have but little to think of, are almost entirely noblemen. But among the artillery and the engineers, whose officers have to work their brains in quite another way, are a great many non-noble officers, or the best and the ablest men of the whole German army.

According to his mean and common birth, as nobility calls it, a non-noble officer can scarcely rise above a lieutenantship. His imperial master has to make a nobleman out of him, or, if he does not do it, he has to present his dismissal and retire with a pension as soon as he has reached the age, which is prescribed for every military grade.

Next to military officers, to nobility, to Government officials, and to public functionaries, follows, in Germany, the so-called better and privileged class.

In proud and arrogant self-consciousness, this class looks with sneering contempt upon every one that stands lower, but with admiration and veneration upon those from whom they most expect favors and personal advantages. This class is mostly composed of manufacturers, merchants, *rentiers*, bankers, scientists, artists, and those who, according to their ideas, consider themselves as educated, civilized and illustrious; who don't belong to the common and low-standing working people, and who understand how to scrape together the necessities of life, in one way or another.

A great many ladies and gentlemen, belonging to this class, treat their poor fellow creatures in a manner that cannot be described, and that has to be seen in order to be believed. But against those who are standing higher, they behave entirely different—they bow, stoop, sneak and prostrate themselves in the opinion of every honest person.

To receive a title, a decoration, or a "Von" the greater part of them do almost anything. Nothing seems sacred—nothing too mean or too low for them, in order to realize their ambitious dreams.

But the fair sex makes no exception at all. A great many of these vain, ambitious

and hard-hearted ladies, who even treat their poorer relation in the most disgraceful way, are flattered, and consider it as the greatest honor, when royalty or the high nobility employs them—as dry or wet nurses, as chambermaids, or even as toilet-room cleaners.

What nobility is, and how nobility was gained people in general don't know—or they surely would despise it most heartily.

Royalty, which committed the most infamous crimes, in order to come to power, has raised its loyal and faithful servants—or those who did the lowest, the dirtiest and the most despicable slave service—to the rank of nobility and has presented them with land and money, stolen from poor, unfortunate and mostly defenseless people.

What nobility did, a poor but honest working man would not have done; and what nobility calls an honor, a laborer in shirt sleeves and jacket calls a disgrace.

The greatest rascalities, perpetrated in the most fiendish manner, are committed among royalty, as well as among the highest nobility.

Every one knows the Pall Mall scandal, the "Modern Babylon" scandal, the bacarat scandal and hundreds of other scandals, which happened during the last few



years in or around England's capital. Some of them were of such a revolting, devilish nature that it made the blood freeze in the veins of every honest and respectable person.

Those infamous perpetrators, which in England are cleared with a slight rebuke—because they belong to royalty or to the nobility—would be lynched and tarred and feathered by the rage of the American people.

In England, as the freest country among European monarchies, a great many things are exposed to a certain extent—and therefore it seems that more rascalities and scandals are committed there than anywhere else.

But this is not the case. The only difference is that in those Continental slave-states, and especially in Germany, no one is allowed to expose them; and that imprisonment awaits every one who still should dare to do so.

The immobility which prevails among the reigning families of those twenty-three German sovereigns, as well as among the highest German nobility, is simply shocking. The life in the very lowest dive can be compared with the rotten German court life, as a moral, honest and respectable one.

Here in America, where more morality, more honesty and more respectability is

found than anywhere else on our globe, people of course have not the slightest idea about the corrupt life on the other side of the ocean.

Tradesmen, farmers, or the whole laboring class in general, are considered in Germany as the very lowest of all and are treated, in a great many cases, even worse than brutes.

The poorer and more helpless a brave and honest working man is, the more he is squeezed out and trampled upon, and the more it is shown to him that he is nothing more than a tool in the hands of his higher standing countrymen.

One proof is sufficient to show how in poor, ignorant and despotic Germany, the most useful class of all—the honest and respectable working class—is depreciated.

The son of a tradesman, of a laboring men or of a shop-keeper, can never become an officer in the German army. It is beneath the dignity of a German officer to call the son of such a low man his comrade—but it is not beneath him to get fattened and supported by his parents' hard earnings.

A German officer is not allowed to marry without permission of his Sovereign, and without consent of the officers of his regiment.

If he wants to marry the daughter of a laboring man—then according to the ideas of those heroes, he brings disgrace upon his regiment. He has to present his dismissal, and if not, it is sent to him by his fellow-officers, and with sanction of the highest military authority.

But in other respects a great many things are allowed the German officers for which in America they would be strung up to a tree and filled up with lead.

CHAPTER XII.

There is not a land on this globe where money and influence play such an important figure as in my poor, unfortunate native country.

He who has the misfortune to be born poor would be far better off if he had never seen the light of this world. He is born in misery, brought up in misery, and, without having the slightest chance to work himself up, he ends one day in the same misery.

Death is a relief to the greater part of those poor creatures, who, during their short existence on earth, only have known troubles, grief and sorrow.

It is taught to children of poor people, and even by their own schools and play-

mates, that in future they have to yield to the wishes of the better and higher standing classes; that on account of their low and common birth they have no rights whatever, and that they are nothing else but tools in the hands of their more fortunate countrymen. Exceptions there may be, but I myself have seen—none.

That all men were created equal is something no tyrants, no despots like to hear.

Not like in free America is it in despotic and ignorant Germany, where the child of the poor sits with the child of the rich on the same bench, and benefits in every respect by the same instruction and the same education.

Blessings of this kind, so common in America, are entirely unknown in Germany.

A child whose parents have not the means to send it to a higher school has to go in the lowest or in the so-called people-school, where writing and reading is barely taught to them.

Children who scarcely know what life will be to them become infested with the poisonous doctrine of the rotten and corrupted German customs.

A child who goes into the highest school looks with contempt upon the one who goes into a lower school, and this one again in

the same depreciating way upon one who goes in the lowest school.

In America the schools are kept up and controlled by citizens, and in Germany by the Government. In America the people, and in Germany the Government elects the teacher. In America the community gives to children whose parents have not the means, books, school utensils, and even shoes and clothing; and in Germany they give them, instead of that, a kick.

It makes a noble-minded person sad and depressed, to see under what conditions the children of poor parents attend school. In winter, when snow and ice are feet high on the ground, one sees those poor creatures in wooden slippers, partly without stockings and poor and scantily dressed, running to school, shivering from the cold.

Their poor parents have not the means to clothe them better and warmer, because they have to divide their little earning with their Sovereign—in order that he can enjoy and amuse himself with his concubines and mistresses.

Without thinking the very least about the matter, a great many short-sighted Germans are repeating everything in the same way, as it is taught to them by their

Government. They consider the German school arrangement, the German school management incomparable, and think the German people in possession of the very highest school education.

If one were to say that in Germany a great many people never go to school, and neither know how to read and to write—then, those ignorant people would simply deny it. In a rude and boisterous way they would remark that it is a lie, a slander, a disgrace to say anything like that—that in Germany every one is forced to go to school, and even the lowest and poorest country lad knows how to read, to write and so on.

People who know how to make use of their common sense confute with proofs and clear themselves from all accusations which they, perhaps, do not wish to hear—but ignorant and empty-headed blowers, like those in Germany, become rude, impudent and insolent.

It is a good thing that blockheads are valued and appreciated only in Germany, and that through them the fact cannot be altered that in some parts of Germany as many as ten per cent. of the inhabitants, cannot read or write.

I myself have known people in Germany,

whose children have never attended school, and as some of them landed later in America, they could not even write their own names.

Every schoolteacher in Germany has to be a willing and adept tool for his Government, and if not, he gets his discharge and is sent to——.

The very first requirement of every German teacher is to educate the children in the interest of the Government. The sooner he succeeds in convincing his disciples of the Emperor's infallibility, and the sooner he inspires them with enthusiasm for the glorious history of German sovereigns, the easier it is for him to get a position as professor or as school director.

Greek and many other useless studies are taught to the children of wealthy parents. At the risk of the children's health, such stuff is crammed into them and to such an extent that they can hardly find time for recreation; so that their intellectual faculties often become impaired.

An acquaintance of mine, one of the best and ablest teachers on the Real-school at Hamburg, was one night dragged from his bed, torn from wife and children, thrown into prison and expelled from his native country and home.

His whole crime was that his common sense could not endorse the doctrine of the Emperor's infallibility, and that he taught his scholars more about the advantages enjoyed by the great, free and illustrious American Republic, than he was allowed to do. All his intelligent pupils loved and idolized him, and were only too glad to hear at times something else besides the continual flattery and adulation of the Emperor, and of the brain-killing repetition of the same old subject.

He was denounced by his own colleagues, who hoped to elevate and to ingratiate themselves in the eyes of their superiors by such mean and cowardly acts.

One of those miserable creatures I know myself. The falsehood, the narrowness, and the cowardice could be seen in his face. In his opinion, the Emperor stood even above God, and to show that he believed this, he always took his hat off whenever he mentioned the name of his Emperor.

CHAPTER XIII.

In such a matchless country as America, where wages are three to twelve times higher, and the greater necessities of life from a half to a quarter lower than in the

Old-World, no one has the slightest idea of the poverty and misery of European laboring people.

Porterhouse steak, which in any city of America never comes over twenty cents a pound, could not be got in Germany for less than forty-five cents, and even the poorest soup meat costs there, at least twenty cents a pound.

Places where horse-meat only is sold are in every town and in every village. A horse as poor as it may be, but which is not diseased, may, according to law, be sold to any horse-butcher. Thousands and thousands of families never eat anything else but horse meat, but for which they still have to pay more than in America for the best and choicest ox meat.

Flour, as used here in America, is there entirely unknown. What they use in the northern part of Europe comes partly from Russia and Austria, and is of such an inferior quality that an American surely would not touch it. It is dark, mixed and dirty, and yet costs over a hundred per cent. more than the white and beautiful American flour.

It is the same way with everything that belongs to the first necessities of life.

Wine, of course, is only known by name

to German working people. Almost all the wine they drink in Germany is adulterated or an artificial production entirely. A bottle of huckleberry juice, which is sold there for Chateau Lafitte or Chateau Margaux, cost more than a whole gallon of the very best California wine.

But not only wine—even tea, coffee, sugar, butter and many other things, are more or less unknown to millions of skilled and capable German workingmen.

Everything that a poor man needs to prevent him from starving is taxed in a most disgraceful way.

Even salt, upon which lies a tax of four cents a pound, has been considered by a great many as an article of luxury.

The tender hearted and charitable German Sovereigns—who know so well how to enrich themselves by the sweat of the poor—every year make about twenty millions of dollars by salt taxation alone.

Here in America it seems simply incredible, that in the interior of Germany a farm-hand makes only twenty dollars the whole year. In spite of such miserable pay he has to work during the summer time very often twenty hours, and during the winter at least sixteen hours a day. He is treated like a dog, and gets food that in this

country no one would offer even to a tramp.

The drivers of the tramway cars in Hamburg are earning seventy marks, or not quite nineteen dollars a month, and therefrom they have to keep themselves and their families and pay house rent, water rent, taxes and a great many little things for which they are fined in the meanest and unfairest manner.

They have to obey like soldiers, they are kept on duty from five o'clock in the morning till twelve o'clock at night, and they are allowed only half a day once a week for themselves.

The police interfere, as in everything else, in this line of business also. To keep the people in fear and continued obedience, every moment new laws and regulations are made, and punishment awaits every one who does not obey them to the letter.

A driver is punished when he stops his car at another place than that prescribed by the police; when he drives faster than he is allowed to do; when he permits a person to jump on the platform, or if he should dare to sit down while the car is in motion. The conductor who gets about ten per cent. lower wages than the driver, is punished when he admits a greater number of pas-

sengers in his car than directed by the police; when he forgets to close or open windows, doors and ventilators, other than the way dictated by this troublesome but almighty authority.

But not only that these poor fellows are fined by the police but the tramway concern fines them also. Every company has its controllers or spies. They receive twenty-five dollars a month, and have to report everything that drivers and conductors do. If, possibly, the controllers has nothing to report, then he runs the risk of being discharged for unfitness.

Drivers and conductors are fined when perhaps they are a little late in the morning—when in the judgment of the controller they don't behave politely towards patrons, when it appears to him that horses, cars, and harnesses are not in a proper condition, and when collisions or similar accidents occur.

If they are guilty or not does not come into consideration at all. Every one who defends his right and objects to seeing his little earning reduced in such an unjust way gets his discharge.

It is always easy to humble the poor, and especially when they have wife and children to support, who, without their aid, would starve to death.

Miserable creatures, who know so well how to accumulate millions from the toil and sweat of the poor, should, according to the idea of honest and noble thinking persons, never enjoy a happy hour in their lives.

Owners of tramways are, in all parts of the world, making lots of money, and especially in countries like Germany where they only like to accumulate, but never like to spend.

The tramway concerns in Hamburg are paying to their stockholders a yearly dividend of from twenty-five to over a hundred per cent., and thereby they treat and torture those who earn the money in a most disgraceful way, and do all they possibly can to make them feel the misery of their sad and joyless existence still more.

To get an idea in what way the rich show the poor that they are absolutely nobody, and that if treated like beasts they still are treated too well, it is necessary to go to my ignorant, despotic and unfortunate native country.

CHAPTER XIV.

Hamburg, as the third important commercial place in Europe, and where wages are from ten to twenty per cent. higher than in

the interior of Germany, is considered by the rest of the German people as something like a Californian Eldorado.

But in spite of this, a servant-girl, who also has to attend to the cooking, never gets more than forty dollars, and a skilled cook, who is at the same time servant-girl, never more than sixty dollars the whole year.

Families that do not even keep one servant, are treated with contempt. They are considered too common for families who keep two or more servant-girls to associate with.

The poor servant girls have, even in Hamburg, a most pitiable existence. Mercy is scarcely shown to them; on the contrary, their employers wish to get all the work they can out of them.

During the summer they have to get up between four and five, and during the winter between five and six o'clock in the morning. They are kept busy the whole day long, and often don't retire before midnight.

Early in the morning they have to build and kindle the fires, and heat all the stoves and ovens; they have to scrub rooms and hall-floors every day; carpets, as used in America, are there nearly unknown; they have to clean boots and shoes for the whole

family ; they have to make and to cook morning coffee, breakfast, dinner, afternoon coffe and supper; and besides they have to wash, iron, and keep house, kitchen and everything appertaining to it, in perfect order.

Every fourth Sunday they are allowed to have half the day for themselves. They leave at twelve o'clock at noon, and get scolded when they are not back again at ten o'clock in the evening.

Such a life is worse than a dog's life, and only can be borne by those who never have seen or known anything better. Kind and amiable treatment on the part of their employers would compensate those poor creatures a little, and would make their life of trouble less unbearable to them.

There are many people, men as well as women, who on account of laziness don't like to move, and who think it looks far more distinguished to be waited upon by servants.

I have seen some lazy creatures who would not even raise from a chair to pick up a handkerchief, or something else, which laid but a few feet away from them. They rang the bell—which some always carry along with them—and a servant, who perhaps was working in quite another part of the house,

had to come and hand her mistress the handkerchief.

Boys, pretty nearly grown up, who owing to pride and laziness, don't know what else to do, insult and abuse in vile language poor servants when they think that their boots don't shine and are properly cleaned.

An American servant to whom such an insult was offered would take the shoe and slap the ears of such a fellow with it till he knew how to behave in a respectable manner towards his fellow-creatures. But in Germany where servants have no rights at all, and where they have to stand all kinds of insults on the part of their employers, it is of course, entirely different.

In those backwood European countries, where thinking is considered a crime, and where they can transform an intelligent man into a jackass, no one can blame a poor servant when, perhaps, at times, she is a little behind the age.

To show how dangerous those infernal slave-state doctrines are becoming, I will illustrate one case.

A maid-servant in the house of one of my relations in Germany, had the walls of her room decorated with dozens of pictures of the Empress of Germany. Upon my questioning why she had done so, she answered

that her school teacher had taught her that it would be, and especially for a poor-servant, a God-pleasing action, to have the picture of the noble, kindhearted, and most powerful Empress always before her eyes, and the more she idolized the original in the duplicate, the easier it would be for her to work herself up to a better and more independent station in life.

I laughed and told her that she would do far better to throw the whole rubbish, which only served to remind her of slavery and tyranny, into the oven. I made her to understand that every honest man would raise his hat at any time to a servant who knew how to make her living in an honest and respectable way—but that he would not do it for an Empress who only knew how to live by the sweat and from the little earnings of poor servants, and who, without their aid, could not even make a living as laundress or scullery woman.

I spoke to her about the many advantages of the free American Republic, and brought her within a short time to her senses with such effect that she threw the pictures of her so recently beloved and adored Empress in the fire herself.

To prevent her new-found ideas delivering her into the hands of German spies, I sent

her over to America, where she has become a useful member of society.

People in America must have been puzzled a good many times to know why European servants behave themselves when they do come here in such a haughty and pretentious way, when in their own country they are treated like beasts, and often, in a whole year, could not earn as much as here in a single month.

Experience has shown that those to whom freedom and liberty are offered for the first time in life, in general don't understand the true meaning of those glorious words.

Scarcely escaped from tyranny and slavery, they find themselves at once in a country where everything stands open to them, and where the female sex especially is respected, honored and protected very differently from in their native home.

Instead of being thankful to the Americans for allowing them here, and instead of appreciating the good luck which has so suddenly befallen them, they in general behave most ungratefully and in such an arrogant and pretentious manner that, in a good many cases, they have become burdens and a nuisance to American housekeepers. They act as if they were brought up on champagne and vanilla cream, and as if they had

been bedded from the day of their birth only on the very finest eiderdown quilts.

Behavior of this kind is the lamentable consequence of longstanding slavery and tyranny. It can be wiped away only in course of time, and it shows itself with human beings as well as with animals.

In Havana and in other Spanish cities, I have seen myself that negroes, to whom perhaps only a few days ago their liberty was presented by kind-hearted masters, strolling in an arrogant and haughty manner along the streets, and as if fancying that the narrow sidewalks were made expressly for them. They made place for none, and even ladies had to go out of their way in order to let those gentlemen pass.

A dog that has been chained bites and becomes dangerous as soon as he gets loose, and instead of enjoying the blessings of liberty, he only makes it necessary to be brought back again to slavery.

Every American housekeeper who undertakes the trouble of explaining these affairs in a proper way to European servants, will in almost every case be rewarded with good results.

CHAPTER XV.

America is the paradise for women, and the country where more content and domestic happiness are known than anywhere else.

According to the way women are respected, one may judge the state of culture of every nation.

The higher the education the more respected the women are, and the lower the civilization the less respect is shown them.

In the United States of America, as the most cultured, the most enlightened and the most civilized country in the world, a woman as the noblest of human creatures, is looked upon almost with veneration.

Among the savage tribes of America, Africa, Asia and Australia, it is of course entirely different, and a woman there plays the lowest and most despicable part. She serves merely as a necessity, and is considered only next to a beast which has to toil, to suffer and to do the hardest and dirtiest and the very lowest kind of work.

In the different countries in Europe, a woman ranks either higher or lower, according to culture, but even in England, as the paradise of European women, she stands far behind the American women in her rights.

The truth of this affirmation cannot be denied by any well informed person—even when half-starved poets assert the contrary, and try all they can to claim those honors only for the women of their respective countries. Even a Chinese poet sings of the virtue, the grace and the beauty of his country-women, and places her in every respect far above women of other countries. That in reality a Chinese woman has no rights whatever, that she stands more or less equal with a beast, and that it is an unpardonable offence for a Chinaman to dare to show his better-half to a visiting friend, of course is not taken into consideration at all.

If any one in Europe speaks about the beauty and about the natural grace of American women, he is in no way a well beloved host. Even in this respect they don't like to hear the truth.

A thinking person of course understands that in a country like America where the greatest cross-breeding takes place, the handsomest faces and the most perfect forms are to be found.

I don't know what an American woman would say if she could see how her unfortunate sisters are treated in poor despotic Germany.

A woman who has no money is there no woman at all.

In some parts of Germany the women have to sweep, to sprinkle the streets, and to carry the dirt and the rubbish away; to keep the roads and the public squares in order; to break stones, to mix sand and lime together, and to carry bricks and mortar into the houses in process of construction.

In other parts they place themselves before milk, vegetable and coal wagons like horses, and carry the contents, in cans, in buckets and in baskets, very often five or six stories high.

In Thuringen and in other hilly districts, the women strap immense baskets upon their backs, and will fill them up with tin or wooden, kitchen and household ware. With a mountain stick in hand, the poor creatures may be walking days and weeks, from village to village, in order to sell something from their worthless merchandise, which is made by children and other members of their families.

In those mountainous districts I have very often in a single day spoken to dozens of those poor, unfortunate women, who, under the weight of the heavy burdens they carried, were bent down.

Once in the neighborhood of the Wartburg, I met a woman over sixty years old, with snow-white hair, carrying a load of over one hundred pounds on her back. She perspired as if taken out of water, and trembled from fatigue and exhaustion all over. She rested under the shadow of a group of trees to regain and recover a part of her lost strength. I sat down by her, and found her willing to tell me something about the pitiful fate to which the poor women of her country are destined. She told me, with tears in her eyes, that she would consider it as the greatest blessing if her Lord would call her away from this world and end her sad and joyless existence. As I passed a little money into her hands she intended to kiss my hand for gratitude, and I had to turn away not to become overpowered with the misery of those poor but honest people.

In America they tax the rich and not the poor, who have nothing or at least very little,

In Germany where such logical common sense is entirely unknown, they have quite a different idea. There the rich goes almost unmolested, and the poor man who works only from hand to mouth has the obligation of keeping the expensive state machinery running, and to feed and support the hordes of loafers and bloodhounds.

CHAPTER XVI.

Perhaps no American would believe that in those poor German industrial districts a skilful tradesman cannot even earn a hundred dollars in a whole year, in spite of the fact that his wife and children have to assist him.

From such little earnings he has to pay the Government for taxes, and, according to the locality of the country, from ten to twenty per cent. If he does not do it by himself, then he has to do with the police or military forces. They sell what little he has and drag him to prison where he has to work for his overdue taxes.

To get a little idea of what royalty thinks, I am going to mention one case.

Some years ago I was in Eisenach, where the despot of that country, the Grand Duke of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach, had his civil list raised from two hundred and seventy-five to three hundred thousand dollars a year. The poverty and the misery of his subjects did not make the slightest impression upon him. It left him just as cool and indifferent as when a fly crawls over the back of an elephant.

He said that in the future he could not get along with two hundred and seventy-

five thousand dollars a year and that he must have twenty-five thousand dollars more.

His obedient Ministry, of course, consented at once—or else he would have dissolved it and formed a more servile one.

The Grand Duchy of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach is renowned for its natural beauty all over Germany. It is of the size of Rhode Island, or about fourteen hundred square miles in extension, and has a little over three hundred thousand inhabitants.

The Grand Duke of that country is considered one of the wealthiest sovereigns in Europe, which means that he understands the robbery business and that he takes every opportunity to squeeze the very last substance out of his unfortunate countrymen.

This kind, tender-hearted and philanthropic man has in England alone a deposit of over twenty millions of dollars, where it serves him far better than in his own country.

Those three hundred thousand dollars, the sweat of his few subjects, he does not even spend in Germany, but in Nizza, Monaco and in other places on and around the Gulf of Genna.

His castles and his palaces, mostly kept

running by his subjects, are representing the value of millions.

Besides his salary, many other revenues obtained by different kinds of extortion are dropping, not in the state treasury, but in the Grand Duke's private purse, increasing his yearly income—without the interest of his stolen money which lies in England—over half a million dollars.

Every one who knows the rascalities committed in those poor unfortunate countries, and who speaks still with love and veneration of its hard-hearted oppressors, must be without any doubt a hypocrite, a blockhead, or as great a rascal.

Americans who, of course, cannot have the slightest idea about such a rotten and disgraceful management, will be still more astonished to hear that the Grand Duchy of Sachsen Weimar Eisenach is by far not the smallest independent state within the borders of the German Empire.

The Principality of Reuss-Schleiz is ten times smaller than the smallest state in the American Union, Rhode Island, and has not even a hundred thousand inhabitants. But, in spite of its insignificance, it has any amount of castles and palaces, and the reigning sovereign gets, yearly, a salary of three hundred and fifty thousand marks, or

about twice as much as the President of the United States of America.

The German system of robbery beats everything in this line. Not in Spain, Turkey, and even China is it done to such an extent.

Not for shame's sake—but only for fear—is it forbidden to let the people know what fabulous amounts royalty devours every year. Every one in Germany, who wants to write about it, has to obey orders and has to copy what the Government dictates them. To squeeze those enormous amounts of money out of the poor, unfortunate people, no honest men—only creatures of the lowest kind—can be used.

The proceeds of class taxes, of water, income, land, house and furniture; of dog, poll, salt, fire, bread, wine, beer and liquor taxes; and of many other different commercial taxes are not sufficient to cover the expenses of those twenty-three rotten and corrupt German cut-throats' families.

Every day they have to think in what way greater resources may be obtained, and in what other ways the trembling and poverty-stricken people may be tyrannized over and humiliated.

The Emperor, in his capacity as Emperor

of Germany and King of Prussia, takes of course the lion's share for himself.

He gets, or rather takes, without those millions he steals, a civil list of six million dollars every year. The name "salary" sounds too common for those blue-blooded frauds, just like pension and maintenance money. It is transplanted by them into *apanage*, with which every child of royal blood, as soon as it sees the light of this world, has to be donated in a most liberal manner.

A so-called crown-donation, which has to be bestowed upon every reigning sovereign, and which consists of castles, palaces, furniture, jewels and other costly and valuable stuff, is not included in the civil list and in *apanage*.

Taking into consideration the poverty of the German people, then every one can imagine how many sweat-drops it takes to bring those six millions of dollars together for the modest, charitable, and unpretentious German Emperor.

Six millions of dollars is a very large amount, and seems still larger by comparing it with other incomes.

The Emperor, as one of those twenty-three reigning German sovereigns, and as one of those thousands who have to be fed and supported by the toil of the poor people,

receives in three days just as much as the President of the United States in a whole year. To get a better idea of this fabulous sum, it is only necessary to know that the United States of America have paid, since the Declaration of Independence, or in one hundred and sixteen years, not quite three million five hundred thousand dollars for salaries of their Presidents.

America, as the greatest and wealthiest country on our globe, has consequently paid to her first magistrate, in a space of one hundred and sixteen years, just as much as small and poor Germany pays in two hundred days to its Emperor alone.

The aristocratic, or the unfeeling and hard-hearted classes in Germany, as well as in other European slave-states, does not see anything in it, when such immense amounts are wasted upon these haughty, but brainless puppies.

The following incident, which happened to me during one of my trips from the Philippines over to Europe, shows what these people think.

One Sunday morning I sat with a banker of my firm, in Manila, a wealthy and very influential man in Germany, conversing pleasantly. We talked about business about nature, and came, in the run of our

conversation, to politics. I told him that it seemed unjust and rather hard to know that a poor country like Germany pays to its Emperor almost a hundred and twenty times more salary than the wealthiest and the most advanced country in the world to its first magistrate.

But scarcely had I finished, when he looked at me in quite a reproachful manner and remarked, "But, my dear sir, how is it possible that you can compare the President of the United States with our Emperor—what is a President in comparison to Emperor Wilhelm!"

I laughed and felt angry at the same time over the narrow-mindedness of a man whom I had considered as highly cultured, and as provided with the necessary amount of good and sound brains. The blood rushed into my face, and unable to control myself any longer, I answered him: "A President of the United States of America has more sense in his little finger than the German Emperor and all of European royalty together in their conceited and brainless heads.

He rose from the sofa, laid his hand on my shoulder and said, "Do you know that I can send you to a place where the sun perhaps never will shine on you again? That I don't do it, is only for friendship and the

business relationship which our firms bear to each other, but as a friend I advise you—be careful for the future; you may find people who perhaps would have no consideration, and who might forget friendship, business and even blood-relationship.”





